



## The Royal Family in Bed

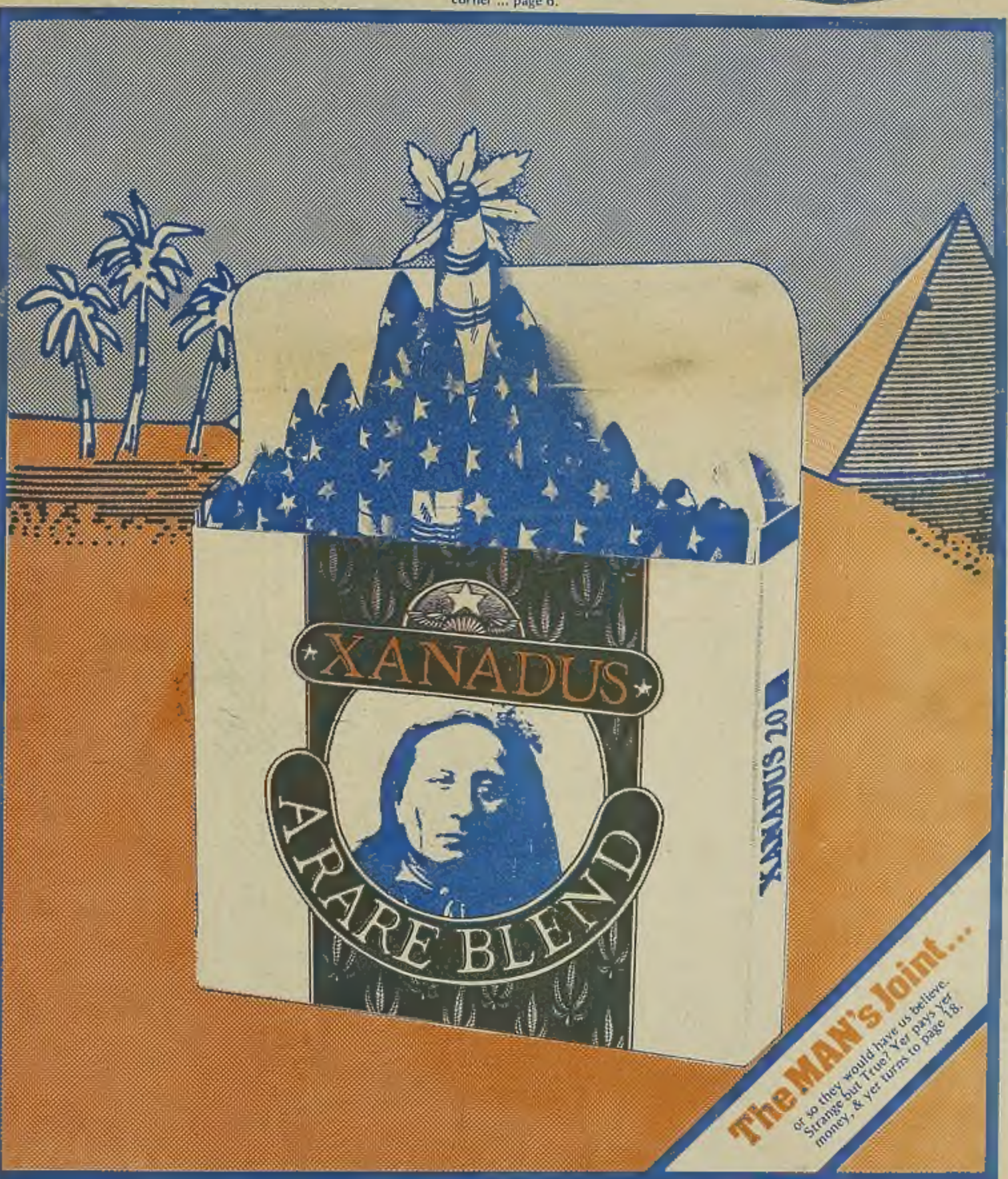
Illustrated. Vicious exposes and hair-raising  
put-downs. Page 10.

## Letter from Hitler

... very short, at the  
bottom of page 3. We  
have to sell this thing  
somehow.

## The Nixon Rubin Partyline

Yippies! Let's have a Party. And they did.  
With Jonathon Green scribbling notes in a  
corner ... page 6.



**The MAN's Joint...**  
or so they would have us believe.  
Strange but True? Yer pays Yer  
money, & yer turns to page 18.



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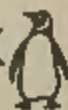
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LISTEN

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DEVILISH  
SCUTTLING  
REGULAR  
PUNCTUAL  
LIKE  
DEATH

LISTEN  
LISTEN  
USELESS  
TO TRY  
TO STOP  
THEM  
THEY ARE  
COMING  
FOR YOU

AAAAH!

## letters

DEAR IT:  
Read your article on SIGINT in No. 142. This information is quite true.

I myself was an interceptor operator in the RAF in '58/61; at that time we were the 'top' unit outclassing the Americans. Their security was so terrible they published and distributed a 'house' magazine giving glowing accounts of their successes with the U2's showing photos taken by the planes. These mags circulated among the RAF SIGINT camps.

During the American landings in the Lebanon the Russians were also in the air loaded with paras and were floating about the Bulgarian border. They were so close to us we had to remove our headphones, their signals were so strong. At that time we had the biggest aerial field in the world; there wasn't a part that we couldn't tune into at the flick of a switch. We also had every single communist military unit taped right down to the shithouse cleaners (they are the more useful units since the number of shithouses/baths/cutlery etc. tells you how many men are in the unit!). The flying of operations over the border has always gone on, quite frequently we were on red alert as an ancient Sabre would take off from Afghanistan or Persia with some mug on board and fly straight into the Soviet. We would then intercept the radar stations and fighter planes sent up to shoot him down. The rumour was that these pilots were natives trained to take off and land drugged to the eyeballs and when they disappeared on active service their relatives

got a fat payment in lieu. In security lectures we were told by the saboteurs that we also monitored the French and other NATO allies, "can't trust the frogs old chap, dashed unreliable." Turkey is crawling with American SIGINT stations.

In the early sixties we had stations in Cyprus, Germany, Hong Kong, Cheadle (Civilian), Habaniya (Iraq - we lost that one). All Royal Navy ships have on board operators whose sole duty is to monitor other countries. They used to be known as 'Y' operators (because of the shape of their aerials). There was a rumour that this is what the Royal Navy were doing when they were caught up the Yangtze river. Another method of identifying operators of the enemy country is by characteristics, the Russian operators were notorious for chattering after they had finished their official broadcasts and during the night when they were bored, so every little bit of personal gossip was logged.

I am surprised that the NSA people have clamped down so heavily re. this Ramparts article, as when I was stationed in Cyprus I subscribed to Newsweek and Time/Life and everything you printed and everything I have here was printed in varying degrees in these magazines and others over a number of years with diagrams, names, transcripts of Russian fighter planes shooting down the stooge

pilots, etc. etc.

John Carlyle  
6 Albert Road, Glasgow S2

Dear IT:

This is to let you know that Newcastle GLF has at last got its own office at the above address. After many hassles we have found someone willing to rent us office space.

This address should be permanent. We hope to install a telephone in the near future, will send you the no. when we get it.

Will you please publish the address in your columns when you can.

We feel that we are finally getting off the ground now and can provide a real service to the whole community. We are in touch with all the local organizations in Newcastle and can provide crash pads, legal help, information, etc. Although we are mainly a Gay organisation, we are ready and willing to help anyone who comes to us. I think it true to say that we are the only organised body in Newcastle at the moment. At least as far as the U/G movement goes.

An add in your papers would help us no end.

Gay Liberation Front  
256 Westgate Road,  
Newcastle on Tyne 4

DEAR IT:

I have just read your article in IT (No. 141) "Monday, Monday" I respect your viewpoint while disagreeing with it.

So far as reference to myself is concerned, what you say concerning Mussolini and corporatism requires considerable qualification. It is quite true to say that I have expressed admiration for the structure of the corporate state as an organic model for government in a country such as Italy, without a firm base of democracy, but I have equally criticised the implementation of many aspects as practised pre-war, particularly its exaggerated bureaucracy. I have also unreservedly condemned Mussolini's regime's tactics against political opponents (castor oil, etc.) and the use of mustard gas in Ethiopia. I have also said that in no way do I condone the maltreatment of minorities, whether in Soviet Russia or Nazi Germany. Further, I have never contended that our democratic system was suited to corporatism and I rigidly uphold the principles of the Conservative Party. None of these factors do you mention and to be fair they must be a relevant consideration.

Your statement about my interest in subversion is certainly accurate; this is a highly polemical subject but I try to be objective and not actuated by malice.

Yours sincerely

Sam Swirling  
108 St Mary's Mansions,  
St Mary's Terrace, London W2

DEAR IT:

Peter Fuller ("George Lennox: A Class Conspiracy IT/140") is incorrect in stating that I passed on Lennox's story about conditions at Fort Meerut to the War Office after telling him that it would be passed on the Rowen Commission.

On the contrary, I passed a lengthy report of what he told me only to the Sunday Times, with a request that it should be looked into, since as a journalist working in Central Europe I obviously could not check events which happened in Aden.

I also said that in my personal opinion, though I could not verify what he said, he made a good impression on me and that he appeared to be personally convinced that what he said was true.

One last word; as they say in PR circles: "say what you like about me, but spell my name right."

Yours faithfully

Antony Terry  
Chief European Correspondent  
The Sunday Times of London

DEAR IT:

Now, had it been that you had TOLD me of your need for a cover picture, I could have helped. The one I me in the dahlia bed with Helmut, two salutations and a liverwurst I think you must agree would have been an improvement on the rather cny pose you chose. But if in the future ...

A. Hilder  
6 Maple Drive, Exeter, Devon.





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# SOUTHERN CRUNCH!

*"Ireland can boast the largest political police force in the world per head of population. ... The Irish government prepares to grind an iron heel into the face of the opposition."*

BY Richard Trench.

**IRELAND:**— Like a volcano, still hot and smoking, the political violence of Northern Ireland, fed on four years of a mixture of sectarianism, nationalism and socialism, lava-like is finding its own level, spilling over into the brittle politics of the South, destroying as it spreads itself. The structure of Southern society is gently falling apart. Only a crack down of State repression can prevent a collapse. Once, from Derry, the centre of resistance in the North, you could look out across to the tranquility of Donegal beyond. Now explosions can be heard on both sides of the Border, and driving through

Southern Border towns, the sight of bombed-out buildings are becoming as familiar as in cities like Belfast and Derry. And in 'sensitive' areas, as they are so politely called, Irish troops man roadblocks, looking as intimidating as those of British troops in the North.

For a year Derry, barricaded off from the forces of the crown, was one of the symbols of Republicanism and Irish socialism. Now militant attention has moved South. Derry has become depressing. Where once gay, colourful slogans littered the red brick walls, now black squares, painted over by British troops blot out the revolutionary messages. Where once barricades blocked off the streets, now British troops move around in strength. The familiar tea-time confrontation in 'Free

Derry' between gangs of kids and the soldiers, exchanging stones for rubber bullets, has given way to ambushes and bottle attacks by the kids throughout Bogside and Creggan.

It is no coincidence that for almost everyone in Derry the kids were the most noticeable features of the barricaded area. Now four months later, the children seem to have lost their innocence, become more bitter, and carry around with them just a little more hate.

Not since that frantic week of Operation Motorman, when British troops roared through the streets smashing down the barricades with their tanks, had I been in Derry. No-one in Derry will forget that night last summer, when in a matter of hours everything that a city's population had been proud of was destroyed, and something private, left over from our own youth and optimism seems to have been destroyed at the same time. I asked Eamonn Melaugh,

one of the leading community leaders in Derry what his experiences were that day.

"I didn't go to bed on the night of Motorman, because Whitehead had issued statements preparing people psychologically for the invasion. One of the means of entrance that the Army would have to use into Creggan was past my front door. And sure enough, later there came three unmerciful bangs on the back door. I realised that either the British Army were going to take over my house or I was going to be arrested. I walked up to the back door and called 'Who's there?' No reply. Again the three bangs came. 'Who's there?' 'It's the British Army, open up.' I opened the door and was met by two soldiers from a Scottish regiment with blackened faces. They told me that under Section 15 of the Special Powers Act they were forcibly taking over my house. I told them to piss off. Then one levelled his rifle at me, so I let them in. They told me to awaken everyone in the house, including all the children, who were hysterical with fear, and bring them all into the living room.

"When daylight came I looked out of my window, and low and behold, there was General Ford, commander of all British troops in Northern Ireland. He had a three-man bodyguard of military police with stinging sub-machine guns. I went straight up to him and introduced myself. I told him that I was Eamonn Melaugh and that through my socialist activities I had some degree of influence on the people of Derry. 'Yes, he said, 'I know you by reputation.' I then said that if there was anything calculated to agitate the population, it was the commandeering of working class houses. 'Whatever the consequences to myself, I must insist that you evacuate these houses.' He arranged for the soldiers to be withdrawn as an attempt to buy off my support. 'Had you come,' I told him, 'equipped, not with the tools of repression, but with offers of jobs for the unemployed, with social amenities with a policy to end poverty, end repression, end the killings, then you would have been welcomed into the area.' 'Oh, Mr Melaugh,' he said, 'I couldn't agree with you more.' 'General, I am glad to hear that, because someday I will quote you on it.' 'No, you must never, ever, do that', he said.

Then I asked Eamonn how far he saw the experience of Free Derry as being a success. 'Unequivocally, Free Derry had been an outstanding success. It was the first time in Europe in years that a people had organised themselves and resisted the powers of the state. A whole community had said to the establishment: 'We have had enough. We want no more brutal interference in our day to day lives,' and that was a success. It couldn't have been much more of a success than that because the majority of the people inside the barricaded areas were dependent on the state for such things as family allowances and unemployment benefit. We couldn't cut ourselves off irrevocably, so we did the next best thing."

Meanwhile, attention is shifting from North to South. Once Dundalk and Buncrana, towns only a few miles from the line of partition, were called 'El Pasos', the bad men's towns just south of the border, where life was cheap and the pubicans were rich. Now Dublin, too, has its gunslings. Provos are not above carrying short arms in the streets of the city, and Provo Chief of Staff's arrest at gunpoint suggests police expected a shoot-out. In the last year, Eire's police force has grown larger than her regular army, which itself has been enlarged and re-equipped. There are now four times as many policemen per hundred of population than in London's Metropolitan police force. Ireland can boast of the largest political police force in the world per head of population, surpassing those of communist countries, with over two thousand Special Branch detectives for its population of two and a half million. There are now more political plainclothes policemen than all other plainclothes divisions put together. Special Branch patrols can be seen driving around Dublin with short-arms and Israeli machine-gun pistols. Two months ago Special Branch detectives from Dublin are alleged to have travelled to Donegal in an attempt to kidnap Official IRA leader John White, one time a shop steward, The

Irish government prepares to grind an iron heel into the face of the opposition.

Present government clamp downs on the IRA, by the arrest of MacStiofain and the attempts to extradite IRA Officials wanted for specific crimes are seen as test cases for a much larger clampdown, possibly on the same scale as the British Army's August '71 internment round-up, possibly coming within the next two months, some say in the next two weeks. Provos have recently been increasing their political activities in the South, and its Southern units are now prepared to play a more active role than that of support units for the North, and a series of strikes and factory occupations in the South have been seen as the results of Official IRA agitation. The responses by both wings to the clamp-down explains much of the thinking behind the two movements. The Provos, who through their propaganda threaten Ireland with the horrifying spectre of dead martyrs opt for a test to death, while the Officials reply with bringing building sites out in sympathy strikes.

MacStiofain's death, his post perhaps taken by Belfast hard-liner Seamus Twomey would undoubtedly be that spark that lights the gunpowder in the South. The government knows that unless it destroys the military potential of the Provisionals and the political potential of the Officials, Ireland will see civil war. So Ireland, "that small country," said de Beaumont over one hundred years ago, "where the great questions of politics, morality and philosophy are fought out," awaits another clash of ideologies.







Blurred photo (above) shows Stirling students and miners demonstrating their support for a minority.

## Royalty also sucks

**STIRLING:** Six thousand people marched in Stirling on November 21st to protest at the threatened trial of 24 students facing disciplinary charges after the so-called disturbances following the visit of Her Majesty to the University last month.

After the original demonstration the national press, following the expected fulminations about the students' 'disrespect' rushed to say that of course the 'moderate majority' were ashamed of the actions of 'a minority' and deeply ashamed at the bad name their university had been given. Such rubbish got its answer when the six thousand students, reinforced by delegations from universities from all over the country, and many Scottish Trades Unionists, marched to protest at the attempt by Stirling authorities to victimise some students for organising the original protest, which had in fact the express approval of the entire student body. Present on the march, Scottish miners' leader Willis McDougall, who said, "We will never forget the help that we got from every university in the country during our own struggle earlier this year."

## BRITISH SOLDIERS RAPE SHOCK

**BELFAST:** How did the British press report the trial in Belfast of five British soldiers accused of the 'carnal knowledge' of a 14 year old girl?

They didn't. There was no mention whatever of the

trial in the home editions. When the original arrests in this case were made, in the London Evening News of 21st August, which reported a front page story with banner headlines, that 4 Belfast school-girls aged between 13 and 15 were pregnant after having been raped by ... you guessed it, the Provos.

Even the Daily Express had to deny that one, but still could not bring itself to mention the true facts of the matter.

Rose Catha

## That's Politics

**MONDAY CLUB:** Fascists and Monday Clubbers alike reacted unfavourably to our piece on the Monday Club (IT/141). Those who wonder how Harvey Proctor, who resigned/was sacked from his post as assistant to the Club's director is still as well informed on MC executive affairs may find the answer in the fact that the new assistant director, Adrian Day, shares Harvey's flat over the Conservative Party offices in Fulham. So keen was Harvey to find room for his friend that he was forced to evict his former flatmate Bruno. That's politics.

## Ronnie & the Laingettes

**LONDON:** Track Records is preparing to package R.D. Laing, author of *The Divided Self* and *Politics of Experience*. Track are putting Ronnie on the road in the States at four and a half thousand bucks a night, lecturing to college audiences. Also planned is an album and a video show.

## CYN CITY

**HARTLEPOOL:** British soldiers on charges of drunken driving, wife beating, etc, often get off with probation on the grounds that they are 'about to go to Ireland'. Mr Evelyn Harrison, of the Hartlepool Lonely Hearts Club, is going one better. He is organising a team of girls to give the troops a 'night of love' before going to face the dreaded micks.

Rose Catha

## Easy, Ronald, easy...

**CARDIFF:** Detective Inspector Ronald Brown, newly appointed chief of Cardiff Drug Squad is doing his best to make life miserable for Cardiff heads. A recent triumph involved an 18 month sentence for Clive Maggs, busted under dubious circumstances with all of 3 1/4 ounces of the dreaded substance.

"This is a vast quantity in this field, according to my experience," he told the court. Discovery of this 'vast' amount entailed, curiously enough, two visits to Maggs' house by the Inspector and his dog, the Labrador having failed to discover the small tobacco tin containing the dope the first time around. Was it in fact there the first time? Can you tell us anything about that, Ronald? You never know, someone might drop a weight in your garden some time.

RIB. (RIB's phone number is Cardiff 44441, 58 Charles Street, Cardiff).

# MARKED MAN

"... the CID are operating the equivalent of a 'go slow'. Detection rates are down in some cases by 60% on last year ..."

**LONDON:** Commissioner Robert Mark got his job as boss of the Metropolitan Police because he was the darling of the Tory Law and Order Brigade. He was to clean up some of the more blatantly corrupt activities of the force and get things in trim for a crackdown on subversives, altering the rules of evidence, etc. The bosses realise that the 'crime' the police will be called on more and more to deal with from now on is the 'crime' of ordinary people demanding the right to live a decent life. To fight this good fight a spanking-imaged clean-as-a-whistle force will be needed, to which the frightened bourgeoisie can rally.

So Mark, most of whose police experience has been as a traffic policeman in Leicester, got the top job over the more obviously thuggish Brodie, head of the CID. Mark arrived with the obsession that if he could only put good honest uniformed coppers into the CID, all would be well. Trouble for Mark is that the CID hate him because of what they regard as his relentless hounding of them—'A.10', the complaints department, is now known in the CID, particularly the Flying Squad, as the Gestapo—and his circumscribing some of their accustomed methods of making money. That might be expected, but his fatal error has been to assume that the uniformed branch are (a) less corrupt, and (b) happy to assume CID functions. Facts of the matter are that in many cases the uniformed branch is even more corrupt than the CID—for example the porn squad. The porn trade has always been under the overall direction of the police, in which lucrative trade uniformed officers have had their not inconsiderable wack.

Thus the position on the Meis is that at the moment the police, and particularly the CID, are operating the equivalent of a 'go slow'. Detection rates are down in some cases by as much as 60% on last year.

Certainly the special mobile commando unit set under James Sturitt, Mark's favourite underling, whom he promoted to Assistant Commissioner the moment he became Commissioner, is unlikely to solve anyone's problems. The Special Patrol Groups, who are in uniform but cruise around in unmarked cars (they have the letters CO on their shoulders) are meant to be an elite force which can saturate an 'area' with a particular 'problem'. Local commanders were asked to forward the names of men they considered suitable for this kind of work, resulting in a force composed of the more vicious misfits from every local nick. This force, which has been compared to the Paras in Ulster, are already attracting more complaints from the public than any other police department; nor are they popular with their colleagues, as they get good overtime pay, which ordinary police do not. There is also evidence to suggest that the recent spate of police 'muggings' is the work of the SPG.

Meanwhile the world is still waiting to see what charges will eventually be preferred against Chief Inspector Hales of the Flying Squad, at present remanded on £25,000 bail on charges of possessing more drugs in his station locker than you ever dreamt of getting hold of. Totally unnoticed by the press has been the arrest of Mr Bard, chief clerk of solicitors Montague Gardiner & Howard. Bard is currently remanded on bail of £5,000 on charges of corruption. His firm acted for Sands in the case last year in which Chief Inspector Kelaher, currently awaiting charges on conspiracy to pervert the course of justice, gave evidence on Sands' behalf.

Anyone wishing to communicate suggestions to Commissioner Mark can ring him at 230 1212, extension 2121. Or for that personal touch you could drop in on him at Room 36, on the eighth floor. If you find the stairs a bit much, drop off at Special Branch chief Gilbert in Room 46 on the fifth floor. After all that, you can drop in on the dirty film shows on the ground floor. Mind how you go.





# Re-election Phrolics

'There must have been a bunch of people like this in 1933, sitting around, stoned and laughing, saying to each other ... "Well, old Adolph really did it this time, ho, ho".'

BY Jonathon Green

**NEW YORK:** What were you doing, Daddy, the night the Prez made it two in a row?

Partying.

Yeah, really. When, in hoary age I look back on the night that Nixon set out on his four more years I won't be able to recall sterling work at the barricades, last minute leafletting for McGovern, not even the wearing of a suitably adorned badge—the only one I liked anyway was one of a dead rat with the simple title 'Four More Years:—but just a couple of parties.

Of course I was in very good company. As the FBI men in permanent residence over the road—or so they say, and believe you me, there's nothing like a few weeks here to up that quotient of paranoia, and with good reason, to heights you never heard of .... Worried, disturbed, but still not truly terrified. Then come to the NYC School of Fear and Terror. See reds, or the Red Squad, our crack team of anti-pinko infiltrators, not simply beneath the bed, but right in there next to you. Cringe as you walk the streets, let your phone become an instrument of pure menace. For only £73 and the odd penny the NYCST can do it to you .... —checked out the guest list with their own top listings of subversives, pervers and others fit for destruction at the relevant time, a continuing file of movement heavies arrives chez Rubin for the festivities.

Not that they were festivities. The networks started in on the first results around 7.00 pm. By 9.00 Tricky Dicky was back there in the saddle. Needing only 270 electoral votes (of which each state has a certain number in proportion to its popular vote), he hit the jackpot before poor George had even notched up a single state. It was far more depressing than expected. Not so much the speed, that is to be expected when three major networks were spending a nest nine million bucks on the junket, but the fact that Nixon sure as hell was here to stay. Everyone was aware that George wouldn't make it. That was the foregone conclusion. What didn't seem to be noticed was that in default of a miracle, a miracle that was sadly lacking, Nixon would win. It was a less than attractive prospect. So the party was muted. People who had struggled for years to see the end of Nixon, of Johnson before him, of the war, of racism, of every inequality in the States, had only four more years of the same to look forward to.

Ed Sanders, a beercan eter.

nally clutched in his even more drunken hand, pointed out the good side: 'There's about 800 billion people, and only about 200 billion voted for Nixon ...' and promised a follow-up to the Manson Family saga—the pictures that he couldn't print before. Forks and all. John and Yoko appeared, the former yelling uproariously 'Up the revolution!!' It sounded a trifle gauche, but what with his current position in the USA, a few changes of that sort might help. Ginsberg sat, dutifully lulled, in a corner surrounded by the odd acolyte. 'It would be wonderful to be the perfect Buddha, but I alas, am merely a poor searcher for Nirvana ... Acolyte adoration. A blonde girl, immaculately radical chic, her bright green finger nails flashing as she emphasised her points, revealed how she had tongue-lashed Dylan, or is it now Lennonologist Weberman, for his sexism/male chauvinism. AJ had threatened to punch her out. Its tough when ideologies clash. She then informed us how she had threatened Bella Abzug. Bella, a lady, if a radical one, had refrained from the threats of violence. It was name droppers paradise and only Lillian Roxon, the Hedda Hopper of the Now Generation, was missing to chart the niceties and the names.

*He even broke his final promise, and sent a telegram of support to Nixon.*

Between bursts of cynical joking, gloomy conversation and gossip, the TV continued its inexorable rollick of Nixon supporters. Then Agnew was there, glowing even more than the vivid colours of the TV, as he announced the coming of Nixon. Hail to the Chief, the Prez's personal anthem and John Brown's Body rolled over the loudspeakers. Nixon arrived. I didn't hear what he said, but boy, did he look happy. As the massed ranks of the Young Voters for the President chanted with raucous precision, Four More Years! Four More Years! Nixon, the simple guy whose daughters describe him as 'a real football nut', looked like the football hero who's just clinched the big game in the dying seconds of the final quarter. And out there on the bleachers, the YVPs were going crazy. Later on George McGovern had his final bow. It was as depressingly ignominious as his campaign seems to have been ever since Eagleton. Poor George, that adjective keeps coming up, like it or not, he really blew it. Its one thing to discover that the other camp have been installing sophisticated bugging devices in your HQ, its another to reveal your own crass stupidity in choosing a less than 100% solid security for Veep. The voters know that both sides play a

support. The last nail in the coffin, but by then who the hell cared for yet another dereliction of faith.

Of course Nixon would have won even if McGovern had chosen Shriver right away, or even if Eagleton's candidacy for the cuckoo's nest hadn't been blazoned across the nation's media. The people want Nixon, and maybe they deserve him. 'We are on the eve of what may be the greatest generation of peace—real peace—mankind has ever known' declared Nixon. Back in the Nam we are informed by the news that 'Today US planes dropped their heaviest yet payload of bombs on North Vietnam.' And they say that every night. A statistic: In 1968 Johnson spent 25 million dollars on medicine in Vietnam. Over the last year Nixon has spent a mere nine million, the cost of three of those F-111 jets that are soon to be scrapped as impossible failures. But he has dropped around 4 million tons of bombs. Curt LeMay, George Wallace's 1968 VP potential, used to campaign on the slogan 'Bomb the Cong back to the Stone Age'. Mr Nixon has just got on with the job.

But as Norman Mailer has pointed out, the people would rather pay huge taxes for war supplies so as to burn up other people on the other side of the world, rather than solve something to the internal problems of their own country. If in the last six months in the fifty blocks from 110th–160th streets that makes up the Harlem area of NYC there have been 8600 robberies, 9000 burglaries, 3300 assaults and 200 homicides, who gives a damn. Let them ruggers kill and rob each other, drug crazed animals that they are. And if those same drugs are coming in via our own glorious CIA, then, if it isn't pinko lies in the first place, who gives a damn

about that either. The President, quite accurately, has said that his nation are like an adolescent who mustn't be given too much responsibility or he abuses it. So if the last four years were the carrot—and that's how he obviously sees it, an era of permissiveness, then the next four, God help us, will be the stick.

Down on the Lower East Side, on Avenue A, the remnants of the NY Underground Press was having their party. Less chock full of media stars, it was like walking into a well known room 3000 miles from where it should be. The TV offered not the electoral dirge but Slaughter of the Vampires. Everyone laughed when the fanged villain lurched toward the decolleted heroine. The election had been a foregone conclusion, the one comment that sticks, among the barrage of cynical humour, was 'There must have been a bunch of people like this in 1933, sitting around, stoned and laughing, saying to each other ... "Well, old Adolph really did it this time, ho, ho".' After the party we all left in groups. After all it's tough n'mean down on Avenue A and who the hell wants a knife in the gut. Then Puerto Ricans, those poor ghetto confined bastards down at the bottom of the ladder, pushed right to the farthest corner of the American Dream, may be little, but they sure is handy with the switchblade. And its getting cold at nights and the junkies are getting more desperate and the bums would rather 50 cents a night at the Sunshine Hotel on the Bowery than a snowdrift and a quick trip to the morgue, and the Gainesville 6 are now 8 and now it appears that they tried to blow up the whole country not just the Convention, and ... oh my God, Four More Fucking Years ...



On the night of Nixon's coronation, this man threw a party .....



BY Ron Lichty.

"We don't apologise for the ruin nor the so-called destruction of this mausoleum. For in building anew, one must first destroy the old. This is the beginning of a new era for the North American native people! When history recalls our efforts here, our descendants will stand with pride knowing their people were the ones responsible for the stand taken against tyranny, injustice, and the gross inefficiency of this branch of a corrupt and decadent government."—The Native American Embassy (sign at the liberated Bureau of Indian Affairs).

WASHINGTON (UPI): The Bureau of Indian Affairs was indeed a shambles on Nov. 8 as the Indians on the Trail of Broken Treaties caravan prepared for their long journey home. The caravan, actually many caravans from most of the Indian tribes all over the United States, financed by charity organizations and led by the militant American Indian Movement (AIM), had converged on Washington, just a week before.

These were grass-roots people, the Indian poor, and they had come to discuss their problems with the BIA. They claimed that since tribal leaders were financed by the government, they did not give a full account of the poverty of the Indian peoples.

Peter La Pointe, a Winnebago Sioux and Nebraska AIM co-ordinator, said the purpose of the caravan was "to show that Indians will no longer be at the bottom of the totem pole."

What the Indians found when they arrived at the BIA on 2 Nov. was more of what they were used to: BIA officials wouldn't talk to them, wouldn't even come up with a place for them to stay.

The 800 Indians had come in peace, but they had also come in earnest. As the building began to close at 5 p.m., the Indians declared their intention to stay until their demands were met. They escorted the hundreds of BIA employees out, then barricaded the doors with desks, file cabinets and typewriters and waited for the fight they felt would come.

The police stormed the building shortly afterwards, but were repulsed. Courts ordered the Indians to leave several times over the next week, but each time the deadline was moved back by government officials or a higher court. And the Indians remained.

The government tried another tactic. The General Services Administration offered its Departmental Auditorium a few blocks away. The Indians began to move, but the first to arrive found the doors locked.

Charging they had been "ambushed", they quickly moved back into the BIA, now renamed the Native American Embassy. "I smell a rat," said caravan leader Russell Means. "They want assurance that we won't occupy both places, but we want assurance that we won't be left out."

The Indians had come to Washington with a set of 20-point solution papers they had drawn up from the tribal councils. Written like a legal brief, the papers demanded

# THE BOW IS TIGHTENED...

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"The White Man made us many promises, and he never kept but one. He promised to take our land, and he took it."

such things as abolition of the BIA by 1976; the creation of an "Office of Federal Indian Relations and Community Reconstruction" to replace the BIA; creation of a Congressional Joint Committee on the Reconstruction of Indian Relations; land reform and restoration of an 110-million acre native land base, and other demands which would protect Indian religious freedom and cultural integrity, provide for the health, housing, employment, economic development and education of the native peoples and restore the rights which have systematically been taken from the Indians.

When the Indians took the BIA building they developed a new set of nine demands, the first of which was action on the 20-point solution papers. They also demanded that John Crow and Harrison Loesch, assistant directors of the BIA, and Bob Robertson, director of the National Council on Indian Opportunity, be removed from office; that BIA Commissioner Louis Bruce, an Indian, stay in power; that all bones and artifacts of Indian ancestors be restored to the Indians for reburial, and that rights of

reservation Indians be extended to urban Indians.

Meanwhile, Indians all over the United States and Canada were supporting the BIA takeover in Washington by taking over local BIA offices. Eleven of them were seized in Oregon, Washington, Montana, California, South Dakota and Oklahoma, and Canadian Indians took over Canada's equivalent to the BIA. Indians also tried to take the office in Phoenix but were booted out.

Tribal leaders, on the other hand, were split. Some supported the takeover; others, like Earl Old Person of Browning, Mont., chairman of the Blackfeet Tribal Council, denounced it.

The Hog Farm came to Washington to support the Indians, setting up a sound system, teaching them how to use video, and bussing them to various places in the city.

But by Nov. 8th the Indians, many wearing rough-hewn clothes, beads, feathered hats and long hair, were tired and hungry and ready to go home. They had been on the road for two weeks and had occupied the building for one.

But they had won some de-

mands from the government's negotiating task force, led by Leonard Garment, special consultant to the President, and Frank Carlucci, deputy director of the Office of Management and Budget. The government gave them \$66,000 for the cost of the caravan's return trip and promised there would be no prosecution for the seizure and occupation of the building. The administration also promised to study the Indians' written proposals and try to answer them within 60 days. And an Oklahoma money dispute was settled—with all of it to go solely for the education of Indian children.

The Indians took more than they were given. They revealed Nov. 7 that they had removed files which show "scandalous if not criminal" exploitation of Indians by senators, congressmen, BIA officials and corporate interests. Russell Means said the documents show "collusion, at least, in ripping off Indian land, water, fishing, agriculture and mineral rights."

The four-story building—a white stone affair on Constitution Avenue, across from the Reflecting Pool—was thoroughly trashed. The halls were littered

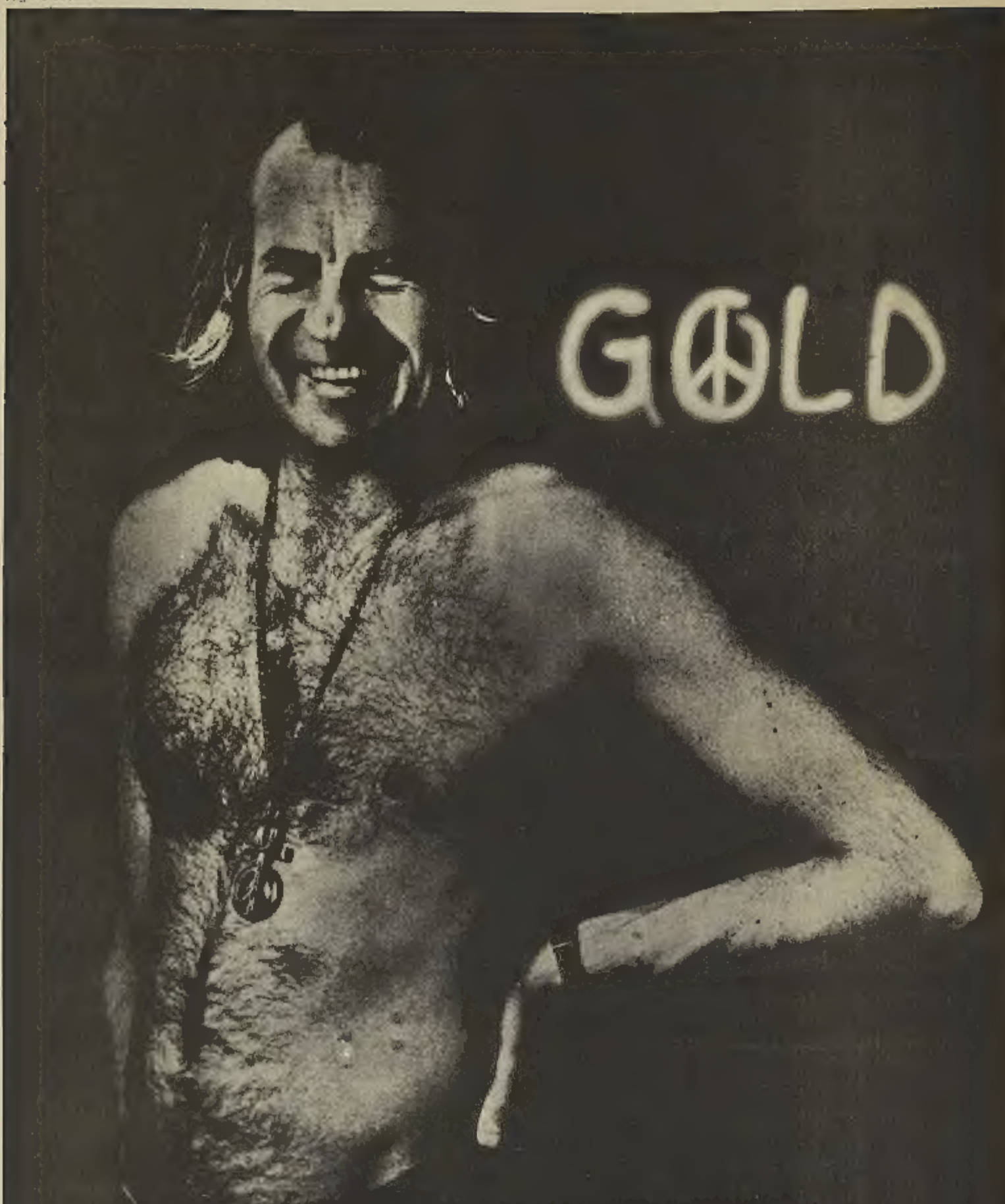
with papers, files, maps, books, paintings and typewriter ribbons. The offices were strewn with typewriters and office equipment, and one was a maze of typewriter ribbon strung like ticker tape. Most of the office windows were broken and the names of Indian tribes covered the walls. One hand-drawn picture showed an Indian head coin with the words, "This is about the only Indian you give a damn about." The government estimated damage at \$250,000.

There was a hustle of activity inside as the Indians prepared to leave—everyone seemed to be walking everywhere, not quite knowing what to do, but too tired to sleep. In the auditorium a voice on the megaphone was trying to arrange the journey home. Other Indians talked in small groups.

"You should have been here a week ago," commented one 18-year-old from Iowa. "We really had fun."

But another young Indian from South Dakota was more serious. "This was the only action we could have taken," he said. "Violence seems to be the only way the government will notice people."





**GOLD** is a movie about  
The New American Dream

opening

**CLASSIC CINEMA  
PICCADILLY NOV 30TH**



# SHORTS

**WHY DID THE AMERICAN WOMEN'S LIB Movement** go moribund for a period in mid 1970? The answer may lie in the varied career of T. Grace Atkinson, prominent in the movement back in the Cavern days, but later ostracised through personality difficulties. Out in the political wilderness T. Grace decided to make her own way. She found the means to it when she met an elderly Italian night-cleaning who had been unjustly sacked from her job. Rightly surmising where the power is in New York T. Grace went to see Joe Colombo, the then head of the Mafia. Colombo was moved by the night-cleaning's plight, and got her her job back within 24 hours. Joe was also moved by T.G.A. and the rough tough mafia hood and the intense fiery women's rights champion found a strange fascination with each other.

The scene moves on to Central Park New York, in the summer of 1970. While speaking to a crowd of 50,000, Colombo was gunned down with near fatal head wounds. Elsewhere in New York, representatives of various nationwide women's groups were discussing the role of violence in their movement, and how it could be used.

The door crashed open. T. Grace Atkinson stood there, dressed in black, with a rolled up poster under her arm. Amid dead silence she marched to the front of the room.

"What do you bitches know about violence," she screamed, and flung down the poster, "this is my lover, with his head in pieces." She dropped the gory picture and burst into sobs. Numbly, the delegates broke up and went their separate ways.

THE BRITISH ARMY has traditionally relied on the bottom end of society to recruit its cannon fodder. Historically they used the dole queue as the most useful ground. This means that lately the army has been recruiting blacks. These soldiers, though they are prized as front line material, don't find such a happy reception, when they apply for promotion, certainly not into the officer class. So recently even the army had to admit that there had been what it called a "race riot" at the huge army camp at Tidworth, in Wiltshire. Many of the casualties in Ulster have been black, used by our masters to fight their oppressed brothers and sisters. Blacks in the US army and navy have increasingly been challenging their allotted role. The situation here, incidentally, is not helped by the attitude of the editor of West Indian World, who thinks West Indians should join up "to learn a bit of discipline".

The growth of paramilitary bodies controlled by local authority bodies and private firms continue. Now Sheffield Corporation are recruiting "a private security force" who will patrol working class areas in uniforms, armed with clubs and in pairs.

HAS NIXON FLIPPED at the thought of four more years, his, all his? Apparently his sinister hangers-on are worried that this might be. There are recent reports from his holiday pad, Camp David, that he has been wandering alone in the woods, wearing purple flared trousers and smoking a pipe.

NEEDLE, excellent health service info mag, no.12 is now out. Compiled by NHS workers it delineates the stamping out by administrative efficiency of what was, even in 1948 only a half baked measure towards a universal free health service. From 27 Pearman St., London SE1.

THE CHICAGO SEVEN have had their convictions by Judge Julius Hoffman (remember him?) reversed by the appeal court. That court said that the conduct of the court during their trial would have ensured their acquittal even if nothing else had. All fine and dandy, except that they are now liable to stand trial in New York on a similar set of charges.

# SCIENCE SCHMIENCE

"Prior to smoking marijuana he was a stable and sensible man. He was later to tout a self-styled pseudosocialism and develop an interest in macrobiotics."

Ivar Gaber (Assistant Editor of 'Drugs & Society', 4 Little Essex St., WC2) examines the current field of research into the weed.



In an area such as this, public knowledge is very much dominated by the treatment given to new information by the mass media. Research that provides ammunition for the anti-cannabis lobby is avidly consumed, while contrary research is usually ignored. Recently, for example, 'Drugs and Society' published some research on student drug-taking that demonstrated that marijuana smokers were more likely to enter stable sexual relationships... to play an active part in the social life of the college and were highly unlikely to graduate to heroin. The national press, when they used the story, made no mention of the above but instead concentrated on the possibility that most college smokers had begun at school. One paper managed to extrapolate from the fact that smokers had very little contact with the church, that religion was the solution to the drug problem at college.

Conversely, a piece of research conducted by a group in Bristol that claimed to prove that cannabis use led to cerebral atrophy (a wasting away of the brain cells), received extensive media coverage both here and in the States. It was only in the columns of 'The Lancet', 'Drugs and Society', and 'IT' that these findings were challenged. They were challenged on three grounds; first because the small sample (10) had no adequate control group, second because all the patients had come to the hospital complaining of headaches, dizziness, etc (and were therefore self-selecting), and finally because all ten had used LSD, additionally eight had used amphetamines and five had used barbiturates. Why select cannabis as the cause of the brain damage?

The cannabis debate is not dissimilar to that concerning the relationship between cigarettes and lung cancer. As early as 1950 research workers were demonstrating a strong causal link between smoking and lung cancer but because public opinion was not receptive to the idea it was given very little publicity. Twenty years later, with public opinion generally accepting the link, every new piece of corroborative evidence is greeted as a major breakthrough. Former US Attorney-General John Mitchell explaining why Nixon had established a cannabis commission said, 'It (cannabis) can be a dangerous and damaging drug... I think we'll find physical and chemical evidence of that.' In other words you start with your conclusions and work backwards finding supportive evidence as you go.

A recent piece of research published in the highly respectable but ultra-conservative Journal of the American Medical Association would appear to be a classic in the 'manipulate your evidence and impose your ideology' tradition. The researchers, Kolansky and Moore, postulate that short-term intensive cannabis use can cause 'biochemical reaction or structural change in cerebral cells'—in other words that cannabis is a toxic drug. To support their hypothesis they give 13 case studies of very straight stable people who degenerate into raving dope fiends after using cannabis; but finally (as in all good fairy stories) there is a happy ending, most of the subjects return to their former virtuous lines.

The research piece is rich in quotes and it is extremely difficult to know where to begin and what to leave out. Aficionados of drug literature should look for themselves (JAMA Oct 2 1972). The particular speciality of this piece of propaganda is the obvious political statements ill-concealed behind an abundance of supposedly objective scientific verbiage. For example, Moor and Kolansky describe the case of a 32 year old tree surgeon. Prior to smoking he was, they say, 'ambitious and considered to be a stable and sensible man. He was happily married and a devoted father to his three children.' After partaking of the dreaded weed his life style and general attitudes change, this brings him into conflict with his wife, Kolansky and Moore take up the story. 'He castigated her for being "materialistic" and rationalised his lack of industry and decreased ability to provide for the family as the fault of "society" for requiring that a man "overproduce in order to keep the captains of industry wealthy." He touted a self-styled pseudosocialism, then went through a rapid transition from an interest in health foods to macrobiotics.'

Almost every word of the above contains some sort of value judgement. The use of quotation marks around certain words and phrases seems to imply that the subject did not understand what he was talking about. They describe his rejection of bourgeois society as a 'rationalisation', as if his motivation was something other than political. They use words like 'tout' and 'self-styled' that have obvious derogatory connotations. They presume to judge the credibility of his socialism, probably knowing as much about the subject as Spiro Agnew. And finally they labour under the illusion that to

switch from an interest in health foods to an interest in macrobiotics involves a 'rapid transition.'

This particular story has a rather nice ending. 'When he refused the recommendation for psychotherapy', relate the authors somewhat sadly, 'we thought it likely that he might return to cannabis use at some future time.' No doubt he considered cannabis to be a more effective, a more enjoyable and an infinitely less expensive form of psychotherapy.

On a less serious plain there are two more goodies from the Kolansky and Moore research that I cannot resist quoting. In one case they describe a patient as suffering from 'consistent demonstrations of poor social judgement.' If that's an ailment it sure would be fun to diagnose. The other goody is a quote from what they term 'general symptomatology': 'if anyone posed a threat to his supply of cannabis, the peaceful facade quickly gave way to irritability or outbursts of irrational anger frequently accompanied by vituperative verbal attack or sullen petulance.' In a more prosaic form they are suggesting that the smokers became rather upset when someone deprived them of their dope. And here my own prejudices come out, for I can sympathise with the smokers' in that situation, I can kind of see their point of view.

The assumptions behind research such as this, however flippantly we might treat them, do unfortunately represent the way the majority of people both here and in the States feel about dope. When for example over 80% of the people in Britain believe (as they do according to NOP) that cannabis leads to heroin, the possibilities for rational debate are almost non-existent. But as I said before, I do not think the issue will be settled on the basis of the findings of diligent research commissions. Look for example at what happened in the States. President Nixon set up a commission to investigate the legal status of cannabis. Chairing the commission was the Governor of Pennsylvania Raymond Shaffer, a man who had spoken publicly against legalisation (as had 11 of the 14 commissioners). After a year's investigation, in what must rank as one of the greatest volte-faces of all time, the commission recommended the abolition of all criminal penalties for the possession and private use of marijuana. Nixon reacted to the findings by declaring that they would be enacted 'over my dead body'. Despite the fact that that could have been arranged the proposals now lie almost totally forgotten.

In this country it has been reliably estimated that the number of smokers is somewhere between one and two million. In the face of this number of people deliberately breaking the law it seems to me that the eventual legalisation of cannabis is inevitable. As with homosexuality, abortion and divorce, social law follows rather than leads social practice.

I am not advocating the unlimited consumption of dope—as in most things, if taken to excess I believe it probably could be damaging. But even if it is proven that smoking cannabis leads to physical or psychological damage I doubt if it would dissuade many smokers. After all, we know that tobacco, alcohol and barbiturates are all extremely toxic substances, yet that does not stop the majority of the people in this country from committing mass hari kari. So why should they be frightened by any possible damage from cannabis. This being the case, the debate as to whether legalisation is a good or bad thing becomes irrelevant. It is going to happen and the sooner we make sensible preparations for it the better.



# THE VELVET-COATED, ORB-AND-SCEPTRED, LIMOUSINED MONSTROSITY

So, after the pomp and the kitsch parade, the shamans and the sycophants, the ass-licking editorials and obnoxious photographs; who are they really about: the self-styled 'Royal Family' of this country? In between the malevolent rumours and nasty gossip (prepared by our Caprt Correspondent) below, Ric Jerrom reviews Norman Bormann's controversial new book on the monarchy, *Hotline to Avalon* (Legion Press, £1.50p).

You've just begun to read an article which concerns our gracious queen (whom God saved), Elizabeth II. If you stop at this point no-one will blame you, least of all me. Unless afflicted by blindness and deafness to a grievous extent, you are not aware of the existence of this good lady, nor are you ignorant of the fact that she has now been married to that languid streak of Attic pomposity for 25 years. For someone who has no effect whatsoever on the political life of the nation, someone whose actions are so essentially predictable and mundane, she really gets a lot of coverage. This article, however, is not like other articles about the Queen. This article is written in recognition that the Queen is stuffed with sawdust, and that, taken as a subject for discussion she is slightly more boring than a local election in St. Kilda (population 1).

I was first bored by Royalty at an early age. The King was dead and I was five. His oppressive and interminable funeral service pinned 400 of us like quivering specimens against the school parquet for hours. Something had to give, it was inevitable under the circumstances. The mighty radio boomed sonorously, and the clammy hand of fate tickled my tiny kidneys, cleared my burning bladder. Physical evidence of the extent of my ennui began to manifest itself as an ever widening lake of steaming piss, and the party began to break up. Our headmistress at that time was a huge and

scabrous reptile with an ungovernable and filthy temper, but she did have one soft spot. Unfortunately for me, her soft spot was a simpering mania for George VI, so it's understandable in the circumstances that she should have impressed the importance and gravity of the monarchy upon me via the unwilling medium of a savaged ass. Mine.

For a while, Liz seemed a better bet. For a start we got a day off school for the coronation and after they had

To violate the virginity of the monarch's daughter used, by law, to merit treason, the Tower and a last cigarette before the firing squad got you. The *Fuze* don't seem too heavy in applying this law, however, and so there are various claimants for every red-blooded young Englishman's dream, who dun it first to our lovely Princess Anne.

Our claimant is a handsome polo playing cad, others are of the same ilk. I prefer to believe it happened in Christ Church College, Oxford, where so many of the nobility have first got their limbs into heterosexual action. The claimant is the son of a well-bred Scottish family, and is still as large, though no longer personae grata in the palaces. Undoubtedly, the *buikom* beauty was reported necking with Lt. Mark Phillips at the Queen and Duke's 25th anniversary party.

crowned her on telly there was a cartoon film of Hank the cowboy on his noble steed Silver King, fighting Mexican Pete among cacti, and I got a red-white-blue tin of coronation chocolate and a coronation butter knife with red-white-blue

hande that didn't fall to bits for nearly a week. Also Her Gracious Majesty was in some way connected with the most brave and noble and manly exploit in the history of the world. This was known as the "ascent of Everest" and was rugged and worthy and to do with mountains. After such auspicious beginnings, how can she have become as boring as we now find her? The answer is simple—she was always that boring, but we were younger and more innocent then. The Queen was and is a therapeutic toy for people who won't grow up—they love her—but she's about as exciting as a wet Sunday in Merioneth for the rest of us.

"A" is a sybaritic Tory of extreme wealth I find it most distressing to contemplate the decline of the monarchy. I yield to none, of course, in respect for the Throne; it's just a turgid old fart who's in it at the moment. This great country of ours has a fine tradition of strong government by monarchs both mighty and memorable. Look at us now! 'Governed' by a subhuman collection of mediocre halfwit whose simple pleasure it seems to be occasionally to remove the Queen from her doll's house, bung a crown on her head and a stick in her mitt and prop her up somewhere for everyone to look at. And the final indignity, this punk Parliament is led by the most chinless man in Britain, an absurd and posturing buffoon, a

Heath's type were subjected to horrible tortures, trial by fire, etc. Nothing less than a Reformation will suffice."

The above is an excerpt from a new book about the monarchy. Entitled *Hotline to Avalon*, it's by a previously unpublished writer, Norman Bormann, and basically it's an investigation of the role of the monarchy from a somewhat eccentric right-wing viewpoint. Bormann's research has been curiously unmethodical, and has led him to the interesting thesis "that some monarchs have been more interesting than others."

## HOTLINE TO AVALON



This being so, it has been his purpose to find out how and why; and, if possible, to utilize the knowledge thus gained to postulate a future basis for monarchy. Norman's book makes interesting reading. He uses a bewildering array of diagrams and graphs to prove that,

Drugs and the Royal Family is a cloudy subject. Private Eye hints often at the Snowdens, and who can forget Prince Charles' face on his first TV interview? His mouth worked vigorously, he constantly licked his lips, was distinctly articulate, even rappy. The dazed Prince is out on the streets.

Princess Alexandra, when turned on for the first time at a dinner party, became somewhat overexcited, and took to dancing round a Christmas tree, giggling silly. This may explain her otherwise baffling state visit to Afghanistan, and visit of the Afghan Royal Family to this country. Optimists like myself hope that the Royal Family, allegedly short of cash, have decided to follow the example of such as the Iranian Royal Family and enter dealing. The ease with which they pass customs and the convenient centrality of Buckingham Palace need hardly be stressed. And for what else can the Shah want three Concordes?

since L. E. Norman Conquest, there have been only 13 monarchs worthy of note. These he lists chronologically:—

William the Conqueror  
William Rufus  
Richard Lionheart  
John  
Edward I  
Richard II  
Henry V  
Richard III  
Henry VIII  
Elizabeth I  
Charles I  
Anne  
George III and  
Victoria.

It becomes clear that the aim of the book is not historical accuracy—there are 14 names in that list, for a start—rather it is an honest, though misguided, attempt to formulate a persona for the "perfect monarch." Bormann, rightly, points out that in real terms the monarchy is redundant; that the country is paying huge sums of money to bolster it. Nevertheless he feels that "there must be a monarchy." This apparent paradox may best be explained thus:—In practice, the monarchy is useless, expensive, purposeless. But on the other hand millions of people refuse to recognise this fact. The British are a proud and chauvinistic race; they value their traditions. In a world of bewildering change they have fought through two wars, they have watched the Empire crumble. They have been servants, become masters, masters become slaves.

These people are suffering terrible pangs of alienation, avers Bormann. He likens their condition to that of young children in alien surroundings and concludes that, like children, they need

In Good Queen Bess's day, John Aubrey tells us, the Earl of Oxford, one day let go a raucous fart in the Virgin Queen's presence. She was furious, he ashamed, so he left the court and England for years of expatriate travel. At length he returned and was told he would be received at court. Elizabeth I welcomed him robitantly and said: "My good lord Oxford, we had quite forgot your little fart." Bottoms up, your majesties.

a point of identification. For a child it may be a shawl or an ancient teddybear. For millions of shocked adults, it's the Queen. Take her away from them, Bormann suggests, and we should see a typical child response—temper, a tantrum. That much rage would be difficult to contain.

"Already the British People are suspicious and wily. Subconsciously they feel that national dignity and identity is greater than human dignity and identity, and that the Queen is the sole repository of national dignity. Demonstrations, football riots, crimes of violence; these are all symptomatic..." and as Bormann so

cogently demonstrates, these "symptoms" of social upheaval have increased in recent years in almost exactly the same proportion as have political hubbub, bland bureaucracy and monarchic atrophy (all of which Bormann claims to have measured).

The book fails on two counts. Although a possible answer to the monarchy dilemma is suggested, it fails to take the change factor into account—this is the weakest part. In an otherwise strong argument, the other failure is Bormann's credibility, which wears rather thin in an extraordinary attempt to reconcile the extremes of personality contained on the above list of memorable monarchs he actually defines the nature and character of the ideal ruler. In the case of each separate monarch Bormann finds the factors contributing to "MQ" (Memorable Quotient). This is how it's done: "William I: Conqueror, Doomday Book, William Rufus: Probably homosexual; shot in New Forest possibly by Drury.

Richard the Lionheart: Valour, crusading, probable homosexual John: Lost Crown Jewels, Magna Carta, enemy of Robin Hood, died of a food overdose. Edward II: Extreme perversion, and homosexual favouritism; horribly murdered....

And so on... The ideally memorable monarch is "a warrior and general with musical and literary learning, a hermaphrodite tending to male, physically repulsive, probably fat, possibly deformed, married at least once, syphilitic, sadistic, a murderer, lecher, and lunatic." Such a character, seen in the abstract, does admittedly symbolise much of what the monarchy has meant in the past.

"The successful reign of such a monarch... should contain at least one

Each week, in her immense mail bag, Her Majesty The Queen receives four letters full of farts. This startling news was told to Lord 'Boofy' by Sir Martin Charteris, private secretary to the Queen, and she should know. After all it is he and his brave staff of young Upper Class get secretaries who have to plough through the mail, tossing aside a letter bomb here, an exploding parcel there, and suddenly the nose quivers; turds again. It is not known whether the Queen has done her own nose a favour, and taken a snort of the sticky stuff.

Also, are the letters by the same four embittered people each week? Or does the Royal Family so provoke at least four people each week that they feel impelled to move their bowels and send their nastiest to Buck Palace (thus providing an amazing sociological phenomenon? More work to be done here.

insurrection, a religious pogrom, an unsuccessful invasion attempt, and two or three battles abroad against the French or Spanish. Foreign shipping should not go unmolested, and a papal bull of excommunication would probably be in order. It goes without saying that such a monarch should die unpleasantly, and not of old age."

All very well; such a monarch would have a certain entertainment value. Substituted for the Queen he (or rather it) would definitely be much more in the traditional spirit of the monarchy. But Bormann wants more than this. To totally alloy the suspicions of the people he feels that the monarchy must have power; absolute power. Further, he feels that such power should be used frequently and savagely. His brackish suggestion is that Prince Charles should undergo a series of surgical operations. These would render his already equine face absolutely bestial, provide him with diverse sexual apparatus and a hunch back. "Since he is of the blood royal he probably already has syphilis, but we must leave no stone unturned." A diet of bread and candles should build up the requisite fatness. As to the externals: "It will be necessary for him to marry.

"... Prince Charles should undergo a series of surgical operations. These would render his already equine face absolutely bestial, provide him with diverse sexual apparatus and a hunch back ... a diet of bread and candles should build up the requisite fatness."

I suggest that he should marry the beautiful aristocratic widow of someone he had just brutally murdered. If, for instance, this were to be his aunt (Princess) Margaret, the secondary purpose would be served of violating the canons of the church and thus precipitate the necessary religious pogrom."

As we can see, the whole thing would be great from a spectator's point of view. It would even get rid of Edward Heath

On the lavatorial theme, the late Queen Mary, wife of sea-going King George V, had an interesting experience in Nepal. The King and Queen had gone tiger-shooting in their highly inaccessible terai of Nepal, South of Kathmandu. A magnificently appointed camp was erected for the Royal Couple, including a complete cistern-type lavatory, straight from J. Bouffant & Co, for Her Majesty.

Unfortunately the system could not be fixed. Therefore a small room was fashioned on top of the lavatory, and a little boy secreted in there with a paphole. Through this he observed Queen Mary doing her business, and as soon as the good lady pulled up her drawers and tugged the chain, he poured a bucket of water into the chtern, thus simulating the normal working of a cistern. And so the Queen remained blissfully unaware that her most private acts were being rigorously watched by a little Nepalese. And what's happened to his head?

The Nepalese Royal Family, very reasonably impressed by Queen Mary's lavatorial style, have attempted to imitate our Royal Family. Feeling that their finances needed overhauling, the Nepalese Royal Family called in Rothschild's of London to re-arrange their money. The bright young whizz-kid to whom the task was entrusted felt a surge of patriotism. What better than the British way?

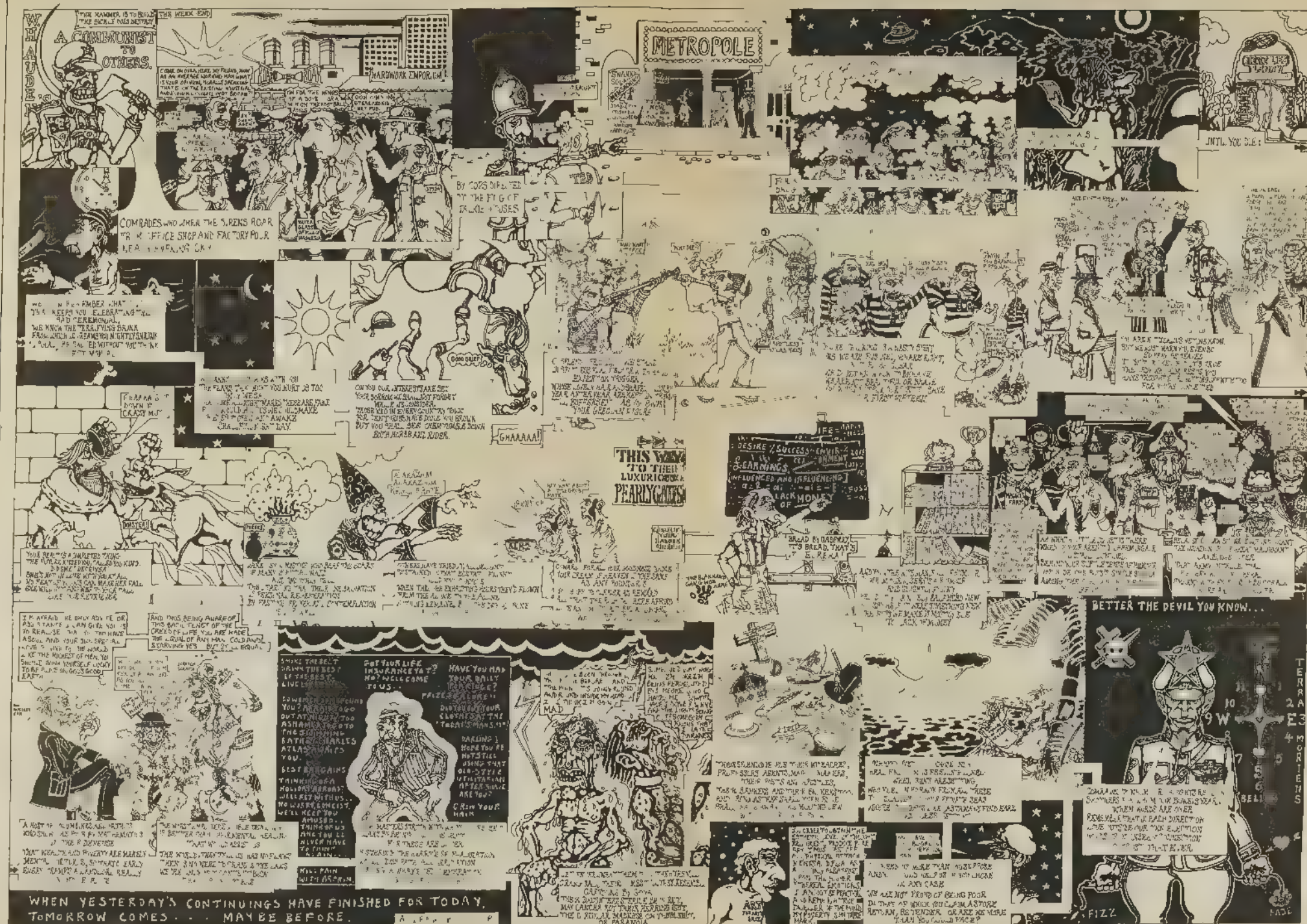
So now the Nepalese Royal Family has privy pangs, chill lists, the whole shee cha cha. Terribly English, old boy, but the lavatories work now.

"that giggling load in Parliamentary aspic." But would it make the capitalist sewer that is Britain today any more fit to live in? I am inclined to think not. Let's keep history in its place, and work out some other solution. Why don't we just abolish money and see what happens then? On consideration I would advise you not to buy this book, but instead WhoNeeds Money? by Herbert Lomas. It's much cheaper, much much better, and with a little luck it'll change the world.

If there is any lesson to be learned from Norman Bormann it's probably this: the Royal Zeitgeist should be exorcised. Monarchy of whatever stamp dealt with Victoria; only the mourners at it's unquiet grave will not let it rest. Don't join them; slun articles about monarchs. But, just in case, if you should run into the Prince of Wales, check his reproductive equipment. And don't forget to wear gloves—you don't want to catch any royal diseases.













# ROCK

**SLADE**  
"Slaved"  
(Polydor)

In the great comprehensive life in the sky where the moderate Boston climb, there are shivery adolescent situations and red light scenes where some flimsy are spiced and to peculiar rymes die. Back to back the concrete towers glitter and along the square board dance floor, the chunky bloated cheeks fit while clumped around the vinyl-plush outtop, their hippo for fellas lean. They sup up the water, feet dry carbonated, no-top all and gaze at one another's new threads this week gaint polystyrene face masks are in and they've discovered that they at look like Noddy Holder. Ah, that's that at for familiar 973 blues and the old spig and chew gene action have passed away its a high in China and he kids are into Slade. And my fellow wearies free, can't you fucker blame em when our bands are churning out at this complicated malice with one apur a elephant hood is an everything is quietissimo an in a tedious and ever judicious heed in religious. Like who needs when you're seventeen an a ch? Si here we have Slade's new album and apart from "Move Over" oh Mama and and "Lo, The Good Times Rock" its all penned by the Lea-Holder team and it doesn't air at a single quiet floor ve motion

they don't let go of the it under ones been for a second and with rushing simplicity and numbing chords, they accelerate along both sides of his here plastic. Mama Weer At Craze Now Gudbuy and Wun's Let appen Agen Gudbuy Gudbuy Don't Mind and Move Over str ke me str ke as the best numbers here, all of them heavy simple rockers, the thing that Slade is obviously enjoy doing here. Their live performances and records have taken them from the Walter Hampton skinhead to a national cult-dom with singles in the charts, albums doing the same and gigs packed out everywhere, and without national charts buried underneath Donny Osmond, Gilbert Osullivan and sample albums of flares hits, for one lone buzz have no complaints. A big may Slade and Alice not to forge the Shangri-La's and the eardrums of those are chai birvins.

Chris Rowley

**NEU!**  
(United Artists)

I don't know who are he or her of music a success in Germany these days, do know that never again will be mislead by cunning consumer conscious. Laz-type a bum covers into the king some thing for somebody called Neu! out of me in it with him that the

take a good value.

A or having placed music for a long time we now make New music for mind and pants. Awa, spacet, Kungs Dinger, ex Kra (work singer and guitarist) without whose overwhelming sincerity its new band Neu! (who ha the I would

scarce have liner note, he earing a Germany with just one album. Sincerly deserves to put, his does not necessarily make good music, however, and you'll y. Knowing he did not hat washes him the album is either a Japanese bang or a delightful doesn't make it easier to "orig" such as the Braemar bagpipes who do it rather hot er. Even with a minor of steroid effects to cover their lack of energy and inspiration, Neu! sounds at best like R. R. Geeser turning up in his party, then from the first crack of an out over the mind waters of Im Guck across the length and breadth of Negativ and (how to re: quit the weeker) and all he way back to the breaking howls of a other. Having (hence, please don't) it's the same half digested Pink Floyd pastiche, atrociously aped.

What precious fragments of music exist there are a any sings just R. R. the emipated duck who swans on command, a e stifled by the most incompetent naive and irritating percussion, so ever heard outside an Eton rock concert. That alone precludes any suggestion of how successful possible that Neu! may radiate a glowing mystic simplicity, finally to the initiated.

Ne! he wat your natts head not you mag around you ou

you may wet kick he bucket ou of boredom. This is god for the Can.

Kieran Fogarty

**JOHN ENTWISTLE**  
"Whistle Rymes"

It starts with the album sleeve. At first a series of no-fringe paintings of animal life. Then, looking closer, the visions become more terrifying, death, loneliness, nightmares attempted suicides.

And so goes the music. Entwistle's album is a plastic plate or a mirror that reflects at the air he ween your speakers. Oppressive piano chords penetrate and enter an if you can take it any longer. And throughout Entwistle's winning ballad sounds, he's trying to escape the weight of the rest.

"Whistle Rymes" is just a wee bit too heavy emotionally, it's an expression of varying paranoid, interesting and fearfully painful on a first hearing, but once you've read, arrived where it's at you end to leave it on the shelf.

Maybe some people will appreciate its musical intricacy enough to shut their minds off from the bad vibes it couldn't.

Gordian Roetter

**GEORGE MELLY**  
"Nuts"  
(Warner Brothers)

The reviews editor fished his right door with his riding crop and said keep a shot out to sex, son, that someone has had

he sense to see him. George Melly is a superstar and the more people get to know of he better. The first album by this singer and dancer, the only person with his man woman and bulldog act, to have shocked Johnny Bruce Melly's Nuts are something no household should be without.

Andrew Cockburn


**PINK FAIRIES**  
"Well, Well, Well, Hold On"  
(Polydor)


I think most of us though it was lost when Blackie Ma came this year, then along came Nick Payne and the Pink Fairies Courtesan back into the but a was not complete so Laurie L. FG's ex-girl, was brought in. Much was now playing key words and that's the story to date.

Getting back to the single, the first time heard was through a rather nice 400 watt stereo PA so was immediately biased. "Well, Well, Well" is certainly a change, for me, a pleasant one, but that, whereas on stage, always enjoy every number the Fairies do, they never seem to come to grips with the recording studios, their records were alright but so much could have been added, there was no life.

"Hold On" which is side two is a much funkier track than usually heard from the Fairies, although I was somewhat aggrieved by the vocals which don't really seem to fit. It is the instrumentation which is a saving grace on this side.

John Flynn





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CONSUMER MARKET RESEARCH



**During week days, Lesa and Larry work for an oil refinery, Darrel is a vending route candyman, Wallace operates a grocery and Pat and Danny attend school.**



**Saturday night they all come together.**

**"Saturday Nite Special"**

**THE SUNDOWN PLAYBOYS**

Apple Single 44



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# Go with Xanadus

While and if the British Government legalise cannabis it is more than likely that the marketing mandate will pass into the hands of large established tobacco companies. For years rumour has circulated concerning its companies' preparations for the event, but no concrete evidence materialised. The memo, analysis and artwork featured on these two pages we think it best to present without further comment. They arrived anonymously at IT and seem to speak for themselves.

TO FROM  
John Dean Lindsay Templeton

Date 18 7 72  
Account Carreras Rothman

## Marijuana Spec. Project

Enclosed are the selection of designs for package and I am inclined to go with Xanadus as first protected name, although since our cabinet ink can see no possibility of legislation before '78, we have a great deal of time for further attempts.

I do feel, however, that time is pressing for us to mount a test run on minority groups, since it would seem that the information the competition are getting from the Silver Thins campaign is presenting us with a gap of something like a ghteen months and I do feel that despite JG's objections, we should mount a standard tobacco market run to the groups we hope to hit with the primary legal grass package. It would really seem to be the only method of getting the practical information we need to do a smooth switch when we finally get the go ahead.

TO FROM  
Lindsay Templeton John Dean

Date 22 7 72  
Account Carreras Rothman

## Marijuana Spec. Project

Thanks for designs, will submit them to meet soonest. I take your point on the test market, but frankly the tie-in we had with Rolling Stone magazine has been blown by Wenner's inability to come up with the promised UK circulation and media which now have to revise their plans. JG would also appreciate if Dutch and Danish language presentations could follow at English versions, as a safeguard against early legalisation by either country.

TO FROM  
John Dean Lindsay Templeton

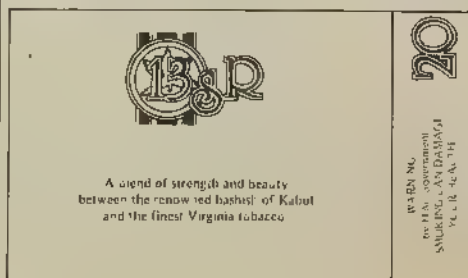
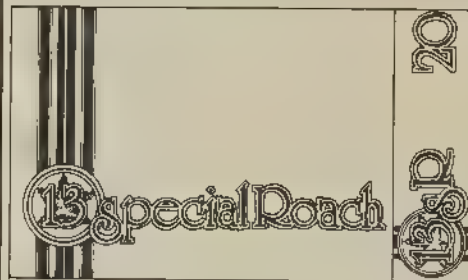
Date 27 7 72  
Account Carreras Rothman

## Marijuana Spec. Project

Tony has come up with a slogan

PROHIBITION GONE, BABE  
BUT THE QUALITY HASN'T

I'd be pleased if you'd try it out on the meeting. Copy are working out fillers and enclosed is an initial layout.



TO FROM  
Lindsay Templeton John Dean

Date 29 7 72  
Account Carreras Rothman

## Marijuana Spec. Project

Loved the layout but are not happy about the work PROHIBITION. Too much of the untouchables and not enough about dope. I think you ought to try again. Could we have a revised layout in about a week?

TO FROM  
John Dean Lindsay Templeton

Date 28 7 72  
Account Carreras Rothman

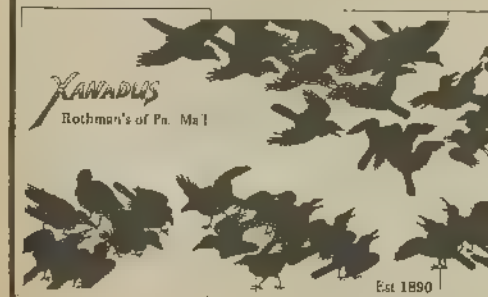
## Marijuana Spec. Project

Here is layout

Tony came up with an idea for a commercial. He suggested a conversation between a Nepalese and a dealer, hash changes hands, and the Nepalese works.

"SMUGGLING IT INTO NEW YORK?"  
"BUYING FOR (brand name)?"

I'm not crazy about it, but a story board will follow. How are negotiations to rope in existing illegal traffic key-men going?



TO FROM  
Lindsay Templeton John Dean

Date 28 7 72  
Account Carreras Rothman

## Marijuana Spec. Project

Thanks for suggestion. The committee thinks it provisionally on the right lines. Await story boards. Fear approaches to dealers are being met with a degree of paranoia and hostility, but I'll keep you posted. Think JG is relenting and it is possible we might go ahead on a South East area test run on drug market straight cigarette marketing campaign providing the clients okay the expenditure. This would not be until at best late '73 at the earliest.

My - thanks  
but idon was quite  
dear. Spoke to  
commissioned work  
Scrap that. sorry





# IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

FROM THE MANAGING DIRECTOR OF SENSATIONAL PUBLISHING TO ALL READERS

Dear Reader,

I feel that as a reader of this magazine you are looking for some of the really hard to get type of Very Adult publications.

If I am wrong please do not read on as it is not my intention to solicit orders from anybody who may be shocked or offended by the advanced nature of the material that we have available. I would like to take this opportunity to introduce our new range of books and in order to prove our fast reliable service and establish goodwill I am offering them to you at discounted prices. BUT not only this, on receipt of your order I will not only send you your book(s), I will also send you a FREE OF CHARGE a set of action photos featuring M F Les, Girls with Objects, open crutch, etc. This offer is being made for this week only and is too good to miss.

Anyway, to get down to our new advanced range of books: Original Climax Magazines. These magazines were originally published in Denmark some three years ago, just after pornography was legalised and they were a major success world-wide, although they were only sold under the counter in the U.K. Climax looked for a British distributor but as they were too timid to handle it, hesitant, they argued that it was far too strong and that it could not be sold in England without censoring and to be honest we too turned down the opportunity of distributing Climax. However, with the new liberal attitude towards erotica we feel that the time is now right to release this new range of books. Whilst in Denmark they are selling Climax books at a starting at number 1 and issuing four a month. The series will be published complete, uncensored and uncensored, you will see large unretouched pages even conceivable sexual detail, no book unashamed action photos featuring young and virile Swedish couples.

For legal reasons it is not possible to illustrate an edition of these magazines here. I would ask you to hurry and send in your order NOW! I am sure that these magazines will be a sell out. If we are sold out when your order arrives, you will receive a full cash refund. Send your orders to: Sensational Publishing, (Dept. X) 70 Woodhouse Road, Leytonstone, London E11.

The value of your order is guaranteed like this: have been open for 10 years in the U.K. and you to you, the advanced age of 100 years, the you, never.

HANS JOHANSEN

Managing Director Sensational Publishing

## Direct from Denmark the Original Climax Range of Books

**Original Climax Book No 1 Oral A**  
Swedish couple both in the early twenties making the way through all the oral positions. The free display of beautiful young bodies has never been presented so clearly in a magazine. Real sex action throughout. £1.50.

**Original Climax Book No 2 Loving**  
This book features a young Swedish girl and a Stud imported from Africa. Bold, unretouched photos throughout. This book also features the frankest series of photographs ever published. £1.50.

**Original Climax Book No 3 Crutch**  
Special End to end dozens of Swedish girls as they really are with nothing obstructed, shielded or masked. Authentic photography at its best from Porntryk Frederiks. Gata Gavia Svenska, pages of lavish unretouched, uncensored crutch shots. We guarantee you a full cash refund. This book is not exactly as we describe it. The strongest of books featured here. Lavish binding. £1.50.

**Original Climax Book No 4 Scandanavian Group Orgy**  
Two men, a good two men, one girl book. Action pictures end to end. Here you really can see

actual sex shots in intimate close ups. £1.50.

**Original Climax No 5 Hot Girl Gang**  
Issue by issue Climax was getting stronger and this issue really proves it. It contains two person sex, three person sex, group orgy shots, lesbian, sm, black and white sex, six different girls in a Scandinavian Crutch Parade. Bold intimate photos of the sex act throughout. PLUS a really hot bizarre and big girl section. £1.50.

**Original Climax No 6 Open Colour Krutch**  
A rare mixture of really hot unshibited mixed sex action photos involving three different couples. Another book from Porntryk Svenska. This book really shows complete detail more than just the usual full frontal pose. £1.50.

Until now Climax books have not been available for less than £3. £5 per magazine - this was the price in Soho, the only place that they could be obtained. Now we offer them per return under plain cover AT THE SPECIAL PRICE of just £1.50 each. 4 for £5 or £7 for a set. A goods sent post free.

### ADDITIONAL SPECIAL OFFER

#### WEEKEND SEX NO 10

This Swedish book is a fantastic additional bonus this month only. In addition to the free postcards we are giving away with all books a copy of Weekend Sex No. 10 this features:

Yes, the real thing:

- Mixed sex action shots - the real thing not just simulation.
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# TV

Gordian Troeller

TO STATE THAT television is a lie is only to judge the television programming which we are subjected to. I do not mean to say that the technology of TV necessarily creates lies, though it is often difficult to see how it can operate otherwise.

Returning to the premise that our emotions must be controlled if the State is to make the best possible use of us in the society of its making, then we must argue that THE MAN puts us through

a desensitising process, a chamber of torture where blackhooded sadists strip us of our humanity and substitute the well ordered cop helping the great society's machinery to function.

Yet because the mind is to a certain extent necessary to the machine, it cannot be totally destroyed. Having been stripped of its 'natural' emotions, the state must substitute desires, ambitions and fears, all of which are geared once again to the smooth running of the society. And this is where the media come trucking around the corner. For what started with Gottenberg as a means of disseminating

knowledge amongst scholars has mushroomed into a huge monolithic enterprise which programmes the way man feels about his environment, his fellow man. The Press and its audio-visual extensions are by now the greatest single influence on the psychological make up of us all.

And it is precisely because we have grown up with the lies from infancy that it has become very difficult for us to view the media, and particularly television, with an open mind. Television has become entertainment. It is definitely an insular pastime, shared at most with members of

one's immediate family, people who are often no more than an extension or a reflection of ourselves. A pastime: the word itself used in context with television says a lot about what ails the media. We have become obsessed with time, and in a society geared to growth, expansion and production, time has become bastardised. There was an era where time was just the difference between now and then, the period between life and death. Time was not of the essence. It was an elastic momentary concept which arose primarily in moments of stress or anxiety.

We are no longer allowed to celebrate being alive together, a feeling which was very much the essence of Greek Tragedy.

Maybe the time has come to realise that used as it is now there just isn't any value in television broadcasting. Is it too late to change it? Or can we, together, raze the monster to the ground and build from the ruins?

Your suggestions are welcomed and might be printed. Send any thoughts you have to: Gordian Troeller, Klick, IT, 11b Wardour Mews, W1.

# BOOKS

By Joy Farren

**FADE OUT**  
Joseph Hanson  
(Harrap, £1.80)

Dave Brandsetter is an insurance claims investigator sent to investigate the apparent death of Fox Olsen, folk singer and broadcaster and well loved member of the community. Apparent death because no body has been found.

Dave Brandsetter is a likeable hero, sympathetically and realistically portrayed as a gentle, kindly man. What makes him different from other heroes is that he is gay. However this is no "camp" novel. The author is one of the directors of the Los Angeles Homosexual Information Centre and though he has written several paperback books, this is the first book to appear under his own name. It is well written and holds your interest right to the finish. An excellent book for a rainy evening or longish journey.

**THE SEA-THING CHILD**  
By Russell Hoban  
(Victor Gollancz, £1.)

A beautiful book. It made me want to cry with happiness. The Sea-Thing Child is cast up on a beach during a storm and forms a strange friendship with a fiddler crab. As well as meeting an albatross:

"You're never afraid?" said the sea-thing child. "Not afraid of getting lost in the middle of the ocean? Not afraid of the storms and the dark and the wind howling all around you?"

"There's no such thing as an afraid albatross," said the albatross.

Absolutely for everyone.

**THE HAUNTER OF THE DARK (& OTHER TALES)**  
H.P. Lovecraft  
(Panther Horror 35p)

This excellent paperback contains some of the best

Lovecraft stories including The Dunwich Horror and The Colour Out Of Space. H.P. Lovecraft wrote convincingly, no easy thing to do when writing spine-chilling stories. Personally I still believe that somewhere out there in New England there lurks a small town called Arkham still waiting for the unwary traveller to fall in its grasp. Lovecraft is one of the few truly great horror writers.

**THE SPACE-TIME JOURNAL**  
Edited by Judith Meril  
(Panther Science Fiction 30p)

An excellent collection containing stories by Hilary Bailey, Brian Aldiss, John Calder and J.G. Ballard amongst others. As well as a poem by Bill Butler (The First Gorilla On The Moon). Good value.

**BEWARE OF THE CAT—WEIRD TALES ABOUT CATS**  
Edited by Michael Parry  
(Victor Gollancz Horror £1.80)

Being a total nut about cats I'm never quite sure whether or not I like books about them. This is a collection of generally

macabre stories featuring cats. Sometimes the cats win, sometimes the humans. Many of the stories are by well known authors, Algernon Blackwood, Theodore Sturgeon, Ambrose Bierce. I have a strong suspicion that most of the represented writers either did not like cats or simply did not understand them. I think on the whole more for horror story addicts rather than cat lovers. A good selection.

**THE LIGHT PRINCESS (& OTHER TALES OF FANTASY)**  
The Complete Fairy Tales of George MacDonald  
(Victor Gollancz, £1.50)  
Illustrations by Arthur Hughes

George MacDonald is on the whole a neglected writer. Although his best known story "At The Back Of The North Wind" was written over a hundred years ago, like the stories in this collection it still seems fresh and modern. Yet hardly anyone seems to read George MacDonald's books. Perhaps the publication of this collection will alter this. I hope so. Like C.S. Lewis, George MacDonald writes good things.

Good in the sense that he possesses a warm humanity and a deep spiritual awareness. And all this tied up in readable entertaining stories.

**THE COUNTRY BIZARRE**  
Edition No.9 15p.  
From 19 Danesmoor, Ruscote, Banbury, Oxon, and all good bookshops everywhere.

Would you believe that this latest issue is better than ever? It hardly seems possible but it is. Absolutely crammed with fascinating oddments and articles, it is both incredibly beautiful and enormously practical. Make sure you get a copy.

**SURVIVAL SCRAPBOOK**  
Edition No.2 FOOD  
(Unicorn Bookshop, £1.25)

A good general guide but patchy in places. Not nearly enough information considering the price, but still an attractive and useful book, containing a very good bibliography section. Personally I would like to have seen a fuller cooking section. No information at all on types of cooking utensils.

# FILMS



'Gold'—lots of naked Californians rolling in the mud.

## GOLD

When I first saw 'Gold' at a preview, we had all been well lashed up beforehand. Sitting parallel to me in the front was a bevy of bankers, eager to see what they were backing. Suddenly two of them got wobbling up for a pee. As they approached the centre aisle and my legs, one lurched and vomited, missing my boot by an inch, and leaving a pile of yuck around. So if you like that sort of thing

happening, try 'Gold'.

In fact the most noticeable thing about 'Gold' is Tit, Prick and Pussy, lavishly displayed by a group of communitarian hippies. The cunning story device is to make the film a fable, in which the freak sheriff representing the bad ode' Lawncorder corner, constantly attempts to stamp out public nudity, as joyously enjoyed by all the well-endowed freaks. As that little synopsis shows, this is a very Children of Woodstock movie, with lots of

naked Californians happily rolling in the mud—something I've always associated with particularly unpleasant games after noons at school—and a general ethic of luv n' peace, with a dash of hip revolution, will win.

All very laudable, but the film has its measure of all the flaws of the happy hippy life. It's naive, a bit self-indulgent, firmly convinced of its own huge political importance, rather than recognising where the tough work is going on. The film is very loosely structured and attempts to be open, available for the audience. The performers are obviously having a great, great time and it produces some very good performances, especially from Gary Goodrow as the sheriff and Caroline Parr as the happy hooker. But such was their fun, they forgot about the audience.

Right, so it's not a great movie, plenty of boring patches, but it is better than many I've had to sit through, notably Lady Caroline Lamb and Kansas City Bomber. The point is that this is an independent production about one group of several million of our people; there haven't been too many you know: 'Weekend', 'Easy Rider', just other rather tacky movies, and of course the marvelous 'Cisco Pike' and 'Performance', which both had strong story lines. But we need more, and not just big studio money productions for the 'youth' market. They tried an experimental, fun sort of film. It doesn't all work. But there are some very good gags, notably in

the revolution parody, and some nice bodies. Approach it more as a very loose musical comedy, with amusing hippy sketches interspersed by some reasonable rock n'roll to accompany those flailing naked bodies. And there's a slow motion fuck shot through filters, if you want a good laugh.

David Jenkins

## MELINDA

It promised to be an afternoon to sit back and enjoy a cinema Revenge Tragedy, but it turned into a baffling experience for a film critic who was thrust into a movie whose situations and characters had little or no rapport with his lifestyle.

So, from a boring old movie, 'Melinda' has become quite a headache, and an interesting one at that.

If one compares 'Melinda' to the polished produce of our white man's cinema, then it is a very confusing, often badly acted, and shabbily directed movie. Simultaneously it manages to give the first accurate portrayal of American hip Black society, the record label owners, super cool disc jockeys, etc.... which I have seen on the screen. Yet am I qualified to judge it as real or unreal? Who knows. Not I, except insofar as it felt real, like the junkies were real junkies, the karate guy really knew his stuff.

But unless you are really into Black America's hip culture then the film's deepest level will pass you by and you'll be left with

an average movie.

It's going on release with Kansas City Bomber on Dec. 3 so if you wanna see Raquel do her thing try not to miss 'Melinda.' But don't move especially.

Gordian Troeller

## LADY CAROLINE LAMB

Gather some theatrical knights, handsome leading stars, script by Robert 'Man for all Seasons' Bolt and lots of lovely big studio bread, add bitters and shake well and you should have a reasonable movie. But instead 'Lady Caroline Lamb' is a tasteless bore, like best venison only half de-frozen.

Lady Caroline was the notorious wife of Lord Melbourne and wildly indiscreet lover of handsome cripple poet, George Byron, the Harrow hack. A cast of Kings, Duke of Wellington, etc.

But the film is terribly slow, unable to decide whether to be a full-blown historical romance or a sensitive study of sexual manners in 19th century high society. The fault lies with Robert Bolt who directs his own film erratically and turgidly. A ghastly passage where Byron romantically reads to weeping women and the adoring Caroline, dissolve through to Melbourne, gazing with hopeless love at an awful, Woolworth's style Tretchikoff print of Caroline, all going beneath Richard Rodney Bennett's music, is the epitome of tackiness and summarises the film.

David Jenkins



## HASHISH FUDGE

1 teaspoon black peppercorns  
1 whole nutmeg  
4 average sticks cinnamon  
1 teaspoon coriander  
1 cup of dried figs  
shelled almonds & peanuts  
1 cup grass or ½ oz hash  
2 oz butter  
1 cup sugar

Pulverize the spices and mix with the grass in your mortar, if you haven't got a mortar a heavy pottery or glass bowl used with a milk bottle will do for grinding. Don't break the bottle. Mix the fruit and nuts, dust the spices and dope over them and knead well. Dissolve a cup of butter over a low flame, mix with the fruit, nut and spice mixture and then pour out into a shallow bowl or pan and let cool. Cut into pieces, eat, that should take care of up to 24 people nicely, nicely.

(Leaves of Grass by Hassan I Sabbah)  
**"BAKED JAM ROLL & CUSTARD, PLEASE"**

12 ozs plain flour  
1 teaspoon baking powder  
pinch salt  
6 ozs finely chopped suet  
jam

Mix the flour, baking powder, salt and suet with sufficient water to make a soft but firm dough. Roll the dough in to a rectangle about ½ inch thick, spread with jam almost to the edges and roll up tightly. Seal the edges. Put on a well-greased baking sheet. Cook in fairly hot oven, 400° F, Gas 6, until cooked through, about 1 hour. Serve with piping hot custard, 6 helpings.

# Uncle Chuckle's PUD PAKE

## A FRIED SLICE (WHITE)

Slices of white bread (cut to the thickness one desires). "Mothers Pride" type breads not to be used.

Heat a frying pan that already has been used for the frying of bacon and tomatoes. It is the taste of these that will give your fried slice that cut above greasy-spoon tasing slices. The fat (not too much) should be quite hot before slice is placed in it. Fry for about 1-2½ minutes until crispy golden brown, then flip over and repeat, maybe sprinkling on a little salt. The art of English cuisine shall never die.

## BRAINS &amp; EGG ON TOAST

3 sheeps' brains  
salt and pepper  
1 hard boiled egg  
buttered toast  
1 oz butter  
1 teaspoon chopped parsley

Soak the brains in salt water for ½ hour and remove the blood and membranes with salt. Wash thoroughly and tie in

muslin. Cook for 15 minutes in the muslin in boiling water to which a little salt has been added. Shell and chop roughly the hard boiled egg. Prepare the butter and toast, and keep it hot, drain the brains and chop roughly. Melt 1 oz butter in a pan and in it heat the brains and egg thoroughly, then add the parsley and serve at once on the toast, 6 helpings. (Mrs Beaton's Everyday Cookery—Book Club Associated).

HABIT NUMBER 1  
DISGUSTIN' KIPPER

2 frozen kippers  
pot orange marmalade

Boil in the bag, as per instructions on packet, the kippers. When cooked, snip plastic bag with scissors and arrange on a cold plate, next to a large blob of orange marmalade. Spread the kippers with the said marmalade and use more if need be. As Edward Barker once wrote, "Throw that meal."

EDWARD SAID  
"A PRAWN CAKE"

1 pint fresh shelled prawns  
3 lbs potatoes  
¼ lb cod  
2 eggs  
½ lb sweet corn  
½ lb peas  
salt, pepper, parsley  
butter, lemon, milk

Boil peel and mash potatoes with a knob of butter and just a dash of salt and pepper. Bake or grill cod in a little butter and milk. Mash cod in with potatoes and gently beat in eggs. Mix in sweet corn, peas and the prawns with salt, pepper and parsley to taste. Mould into shape desired and bake in medium hot oven for 1-1½ hours or until golden brown. Sprinkle with pure lemon juice.

## PEASE PUDDING

1½ pints split peas  
1 small onion  
small bunch herbs  
2 ozs butter  
2 eggs  
salt and pepper

Soak peas overnight, remove any discoloured ones. Rinse and cover with cold, salted water. Bring to boil slowly, having added the onion (whole) and a small bunch herbs. Simmer very slowly until tender, 2-2½ hours, drain well and rub through a sieve. Add the butter, cut in small pieces, the beaten eggs, pepper and salt. Beat well until the ingredients are well incorporated. Tie tightly in a floured cloth and simmer in water for an hour. Turn out and serve very hot.

NB. Pease Pudding should be served with hot pickled pork.

Classified advertisements in IT cost 10p per word (companies) or 5p per word (individuals). Box numbers are 50p extra.

Ads for pads are free, as are the Free Musical Communications Corner ads.

Send your ad—together with cheque/PO made out to "Blossom (Publications) Ltd"—to Joy, IT, 11b Wardour Mews, London W1A 4PF, to reach us not later than 8 days before date of publication.

## PERSONAL

"OVERLAND Through Africa" new BIT guide to EVERY country in Africa, specially for the hitch-hiker and cheap traveller (minimum "donation" 75p, all money to BIT & Omega-Nubial); also OVERLAND TO INDIA & BEYOND, a guide covering every inch of the route from Turkey to Indonesia (minimum "donation" 80p); both from BIT Information & Help Service, 141 Westbourne Park Road, London W11 (T 220 8219)

KIRKDALE Alternative Day School, Sydenham, S.E.26, now has a few vacancies for ages 6/9. Phone 874 6212, evgs.

EASY bread for both sexes; casual cleaning. North London 794 2268

PERSONAL correspondence service available. Details plus free offer (yoww) for SAE. Zake, 13 Transwydd Ebbw Vale, Mon.

BRITISH citizenship for sale. Muscles desperate for cash. Quick, no questions asked. Cash offers to: BOX 143/1

LONELY intelligent guy seeks young but mature girl (18-23) for friendship and ultimate love. Have car, will travel. BOX 143/2

MALE physique studio. Send SAE for list of magi and photos. MPS, 104a Boundary Road, London NW8

RELAXING/vigorating massage by young experienced masseurs/masseuses. 736 2672

HAS anyone seen Eugene P. Lutz—an American from India in England, 5'9", brown hair, blind in one eye, is probably selling Indian confections on some street corner. Have him contact Vic & Sue Osterling, Holmwood, Isla Road, Perth, Scotland.

ATTRACTIVE male, 21, would like to hear from another 21-26 who would be willing to teach him to drive in return for friendship. Genuine replies please. Kent area. Photo appreciated. Please write BOX 143/3

GAY male, 24, seeks another over 20 for a lasting relationship. Photographs if possible and they will be returned. BOX 143/4

PROFESSIONAL cleaner from New Zealand, seeking work. Contact Mr Jorug Killen c/o Patricia Grete, After 8 pm. Bedford Guest House, 30 Gunterstone Road, Barons Court.

## Classifieds

GAY supermarket, Cheapest nude magazines, Chickens! Leather! Photos! Free gay magazine! (SAE) Johnny, BM/FRGH, London WC1 V6XX

GAY guy, 20, seeks same, photo please. BOX 143/5

GUY (38) seeks for general office work, loving young girl, 19-22, Only genuine. Urgent. Phone please, 01 607 1271

PHIL (19 'O' levels, 2 'A' levels—thrown out of school, busted twice and about to lose his job, 23, and desperately wants to do "something" contribute towards the furthering of our culture. Can anyone help? Prepared to live and work anywhere and at anything of value. Anyone who thinks they might be able to help write to me (Joy) at IT and I will pass on the letters.

INDIA OVERLAND, Feb '73. Crafts, 119 Akeley Road, Winchester, Hants

GAY guy (21) seeks same for genuine relationship. Photo please, Dave, 3 First Avenue, N.10.

ON-GOING message groups—Lanish Grouse Centre 267 3108

## BUY/SELL

ROBERT Zimmerman, Those early great years. Recorded highlights of his career. Send for details to Sheila Chadwick, 86 Grove Street, Wilmshere, Cheshire.

GET the gay magazine of the moment! Male International £1.00 (back issues 75p) is especially designed to please those people who admire the young male nude; or get Follow Up (newspaper) 75p. Gay Times 60p, Jeffrey news magazine 20p, Quorum 75p, Gay News 13p. Boys International No.4 £1.00. Kids No.2 £1.00. or "Gay Circle" a contact magazine 60p. D. Gritten, 131 Richmond Park Road, Bournemouth.

## PADS

EX-FREAK (26) wants chick for love and sex to share Bristol pad, BOX 143/8

GAY Phil, 24, has own pad, would be willing to share with uninhibited chap with similar feelings. Ring 422 3510 ask for "Mary" (Phil) anytime before 10 pm.

GAY young man, 21, seeks younger gay 18-20 to share my pad in Bolton. All letters answered Ray, 691 Manchester Road, Bolton, Lancs

PEACEFUL pad, seaside offered chick in exchange help with three kids, oldest partially deaf, free vegetarian/macro grub, 750 lived at present. Possibility of making some at later date. Anyone interested write to Judi Kirk, 15, Everley Crescent, St Leonards on Sea, Sussex

## MUSIC

FREE MUSICAL  
COMMUNICATIONS CORNER

PIANIST, freaky at far out, into Fossis/ELF, needs to join band near Reigate or anywhere in Surrey. Writes own words/music and plays for love not bread. Ring Reigate 45467, talk to Nick.

SMALL upright piano wanted, ring Jane 01 985 6405 after 6.30 p.m.

"DADDY'S BATTLESHIP" band which emerged from within the Bath Arts Workshop, are available for benefits (costs only). Would love to hear from anyone who needs help, especially in New Year, work with the Workshop can also be arranged. With David Herschel, Corner Cottage, Upper Wadswick, near Box, Wiltshire.

RUPERT Herrie's new band "KORK" need gigs and benefits, use original, unusual material and consists vocals, sax, piano, bongos. Ring Ian, Ruitip 73271

AMATEUR double drummer seeks equally amateur instrumental accompanist(s). Interested in mainline-rock-space-swing-reggae-classical bubblegum-determ-southern—and north western influenced music. Phone Hugh 01 286 8506, 73 Randolph Ave, W.9.

"MY name is Baron, a percussionist (Aries), and I'm seeking various musicians with gypsy hearts to make really good sounds. The aim is a professional electronic space theatre into poetry, dance, lights, shows, rhythms and other creatures. I need a synthesizer player, guitarist, organist, bassist or anything interesting." Write, The Rainbow Gypsy

Phantasy Grows, The Butterfly Mansion, 16 Twineham Green, Woodside Park, London N12 (445 7254)

YOUNG bassist needs bass & amp/speakers and tuition, has a Rapiar 44 for sale, in great need this boy, he might have to go to college if 'e don't get a bass!! Keith-01 573 2989 (after 6.30 p.m.).

BRISTOL stamp "MAGIC MUSCLE" navy blue knicker rock. Phone Bob Whitfield, Bristol 36134

"Sorry, but this 'one corner ain't for advertising the sale of bootlegs."

STARVING musician needs to sell homemade 2x12 cabinet with speakers, about £8 a.n.o. Write/call Henry, 16 Blossom Street, Hatfield-Hole, Co. Durham DH5 9EE

ALTO SAX and drummer (and some friends) are looking for a BASS player with whom they can play for fun and mutual benefit and experience. Influences: Soft Machine, Burman, McLaughlin, etc. Please ring 883 2487

TWO seats roadies want job with band (permanent or temporary). Have truckin' licence and passports, but no ven. We got lots of space, so if anyone would like to give us a ring at 589 5625, we'd dig it. Ask for Scooby in Flat 17.

REALITY studio presents: "REALITY ROCK" on Dec. 3rd, 12 noon-8.30 p.m., with: Empathy, Jaded, Egremont Rustat, Glendring, Maud. Tickets 60p, 40p with SU cards, at 23 Hand Court, Holborn, WC1

LEAD; bass and drums—seek inventive keyboardists players. Ring Arthur 01 980 1230

GUITAR wanted, Mine molen. Desperate and broke. Please ring 980 2512

TWO steaming idiots desperately need: bass guitarist, with own amp, speakers, etc., who would like to form a rock group with a lead guitarist and a drummer. Place to play and stock gear available. Phone George at 435 4819 (Hampstead) after 6 o'clock

AMERICAN lead vocalist, flautist, into L. Zeppellin, Purple, Tuli, Alice Cooper and other heavier, flute but no PA. But willing to get one, wants together people with good equipment to start reliable prog group. Please call Nick 489 5637

Don't be shy of a 3p stamp, write to "The Free Musical Communications Corner" c/o IT, 11b Wardour Mews, London W1A 4PF and feel free to advertise yourself, your guitar, amplifiers, rehearsal rooms, names and addresses of agencies, ready formed bands who can't find work, benefit gigs (only), unusual group practices, in fact absolutely anything to do with the development of people's music within our society with aims of strengthening it. All ads printed free. No box nos. OK? Dat's all for now.



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CHRISTMAS EVE, December 24th

Playing so far:

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FLAMIN' GROOVIES

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(Martin Stone)

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with MICK FARREN

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TWINK

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is to hold a jumble sale, in order to raise  
funds to pay off bills. They are in urgent  
need of jumble. If you have any could  
you ring 01-272 5240/9 any time. This is  
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V.D. Blues/V.D. Waltz/V.D. Cry/V.D.  
gunners blues/Cocaine/Ballad of Omie Wise/  
John Brown

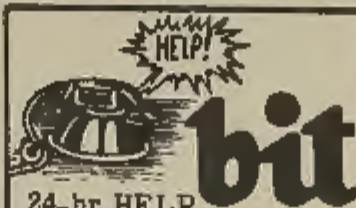
PRICE: £2.60p



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DEC 3rd and all week: Elia Nason's THE ARRANGEMENT  
and CISCO PIKE

Dec 10th and all week: Luis Bunuel's NAZARIN  
and VIRIDIANA



## 24-hr HELP

FREE INFORMATION SERVICE,  
141 Westbourne Park Road,  
London W11  
01-229 8219

BIT desperately needs crash pads—  
we're having to turn people away.  
We also need green shield stamps,  
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For further details please write to:  
Miss J Klein, 38 Lewisham Way, New  
Cross, London, SE 14 6NP

BENEFIT FOR THE SPASTIC SOCIETY  
Fairfield Hall, Croydon, 3 Dec. 7 p.m.

SOFT MACHINE  
MEDECINE HEAD  
RON GEESIN  
IVOR CUTLER &  
JOHN PEEL

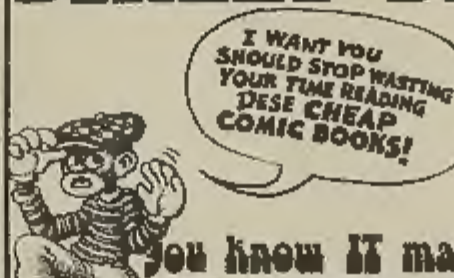
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Middx

# sex

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You know IT makes sense . . .

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BENEFIT



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